THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

VOL. I NO. 12

STATUES WITH A STORY

THE LAOCOON

THE DYING GAUL

OLD FATHER NILE

THE FARNESE BULL

COLLEONI

PERSEUS

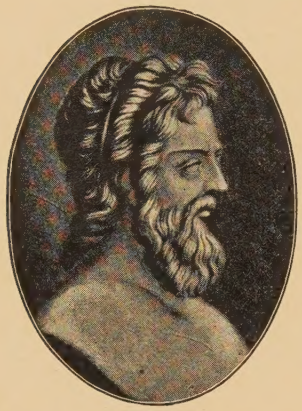
By LORADO TAFT, Sculptor

Author "The History of American Sculpture"

"SCULPTURE'S greatest asset is its hint of eternity"—a striking way of saying that the sculptor's art is permanent. From the first thought to the last stroke of his chisel, this is the sculptor's inspiration: "I am working for all time." As he faces the months, or years, of labor required to complete his task, he asks himself only if his subject is worth while. If it is, or appears so to him, nothing can dismay him nor diminish his ardor.

First, a great thought worthy of the awful permanency of sculpture; then a fitting expression of it in stone—such is the ideal combination.

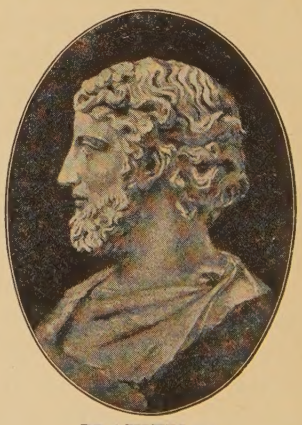
A few rare men attain to this high standard. If their works survive the ages their fame is secure. Sometimes the name is lost and we have no record in classic literature of the artists, but the work remains, and we thank them under such phrases as "the author of the Fates," or "the sculptor who carved the Winged Victory."



PHIDIAS

In all the arts simplicity and economy of means and effort are fundamental virtues. In good sculpture, what is called "integrity of mass" is the first essential. This means that the sculptor must not "cut up" his work with many lines, but must preserve an effect of mass, so that his statuary shall be simple and substantial. This principle was known and felt by the Greeks, as it had been known and practised for thousands of years by the Egyptians. It was necessary in the case of the Egyptians. The sculptors of Egypt had no marble, and their achievements were hewn by the hardest effort from masses of unyielding granite and porphyry. What began as a necessity with them in this art became in time a habit, and ultimately a sacred thing. The Greeks, while having greater freedom than the Egyptians, still kept constantly in mind the nature of the material with which they worked, and they took few liberties with it. The sculptures of the Parthenon have a marked simplicity of line and an impressive effect of mass. Their design could be made out as far as they could be seen at all, and as a result it was a true decoration at any distance. The "pattern" of these wonderful groups on the Parthenon was visible from the city below. The grouping of the figures is wonderfully planned for distant effect. Not an arm crosses a body. The lines are as simple as the letters of the alphabet. And even at such a distance that the lines are lost, the massing of light and shade is superbly effective.

Another thing we notice in these old-time sculptures: their authors did not disdain to tell a story. Every figure on the Parthenon had its meaning aside from its decorative value. Those great masters enjoyed "spinning yarns"—always, of course, according to the rules of the game—as much as did the mediæval artists who painted Bible history all over the church walls. The term "Art for Art's Sake" was not yet invented, and these old sculptors in a simple, natural way not only carved beautifully, but told beautiful stories in stone as well. Surely if Phidias and Praxiteles, the greatest of Greek sculptors, as well as Michael Angelo, delighted in a story telling art, we need not despise it today!



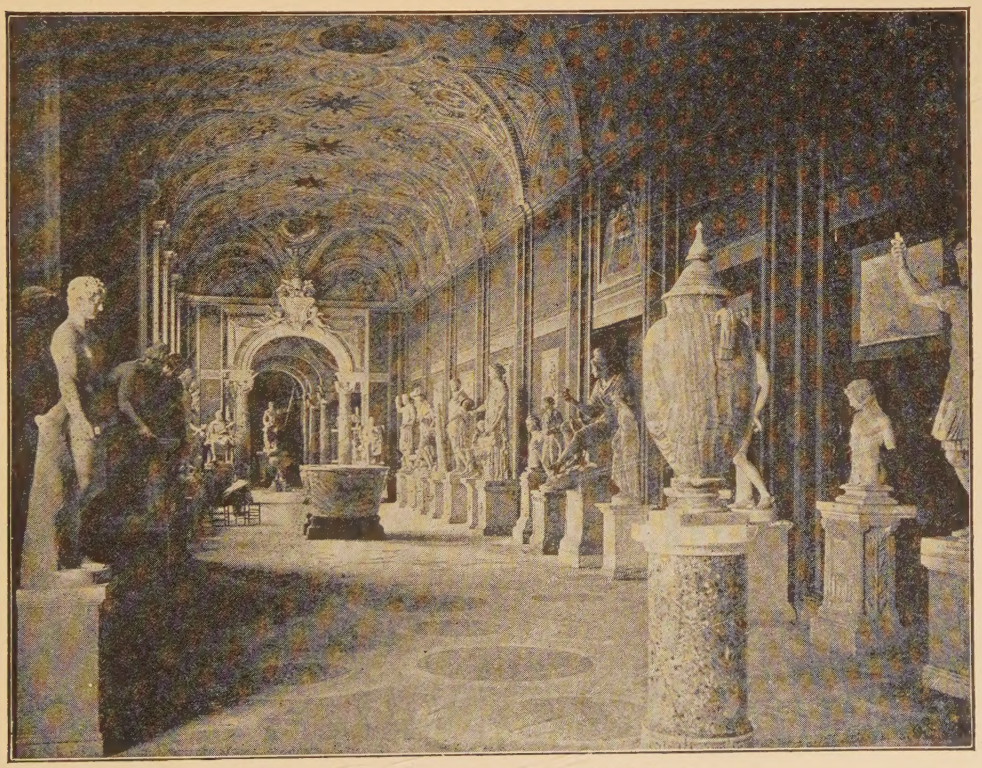
PRAXITELES

THE LAOCOON

This is truly a story in stone, the scene of which was laid in the island of Rhodes. This island seems to have possessed a decided taste for the extraordinary in art. The famous Colossus of Rhodes was one of the seven wonders of the world, and appears to have "filled a long felt want." It so gratified the popular fancy that the people of Rhodes proceeded to make a specialty of colossal statues for a time. We are told that they had as many as one hundred of these monsters, although none of them attained to the 105 feet height of the Colossus.

About a hundred years before the Christian year there was a school of very able sculptors active in Rhodes. Their work showed a love of the sensational, and the subjects they delighted in were the kind that would have been very displeasing to the great masters of the fifth century B. C. But the skill of these men compels the admiration of the world.

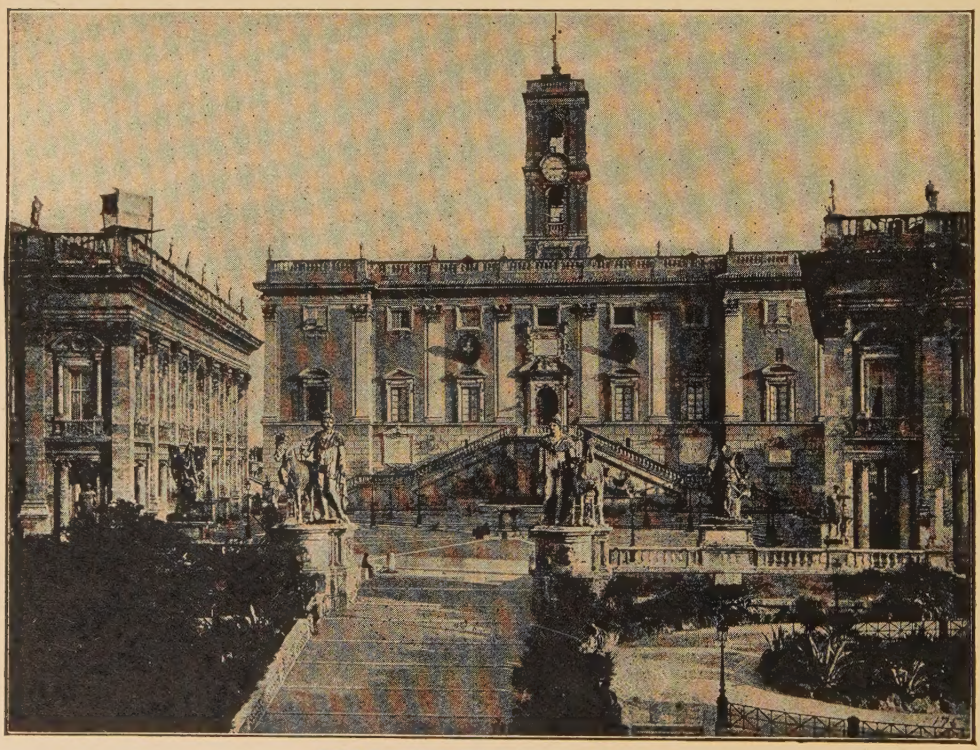
Among them was a father and two sons, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus, who were destined to attach their names immortally to a



THE VATICAN MUSEUM—ROME

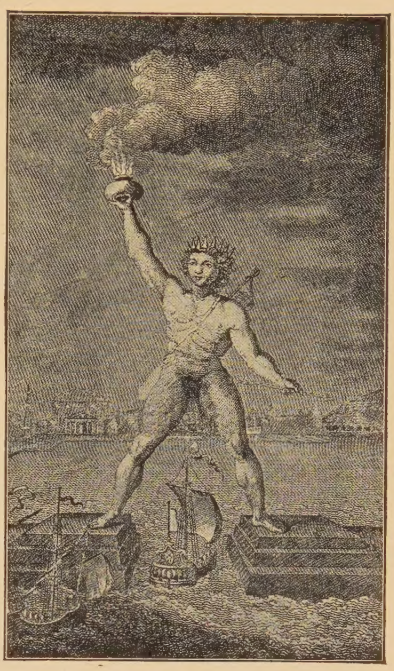
work of sculpture representing another father and his two sons. The tragic group of the Laocoon (lay-ok'co-en) is a striking example of the art in sculpture of that time. A very eminent critic, Dr. Ernest Gardner, states the case as follows: "We cannot help feeling that the object of the sculptor was not so much to express in marble the story of Laocoon as to make use of the theme as a pretext for a group of figures struggling in the agony of a cruel death; and however much we may admire the skill with which he has rendered his repulsive subject, the choice of such a subject in itself suffices to show that he—or rather the age in which he lived—had lost the finer instinct for sculptural fitness. Death, in itself, when met with a fortitude like that of the dying Gaul, may reveal the character as nothing else can, and show a quiet dignity which affords an admirable subject for sculpture; but the case is different when such a subject leads to a mere pathological study of agony and contortion."

This expresses the general feeling of art students concerning this far-famed work. The statue is not perfect as we see it today. The restoration of Laocoon's right arm is entirely wrong. The hand should be brought



THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM—ROME

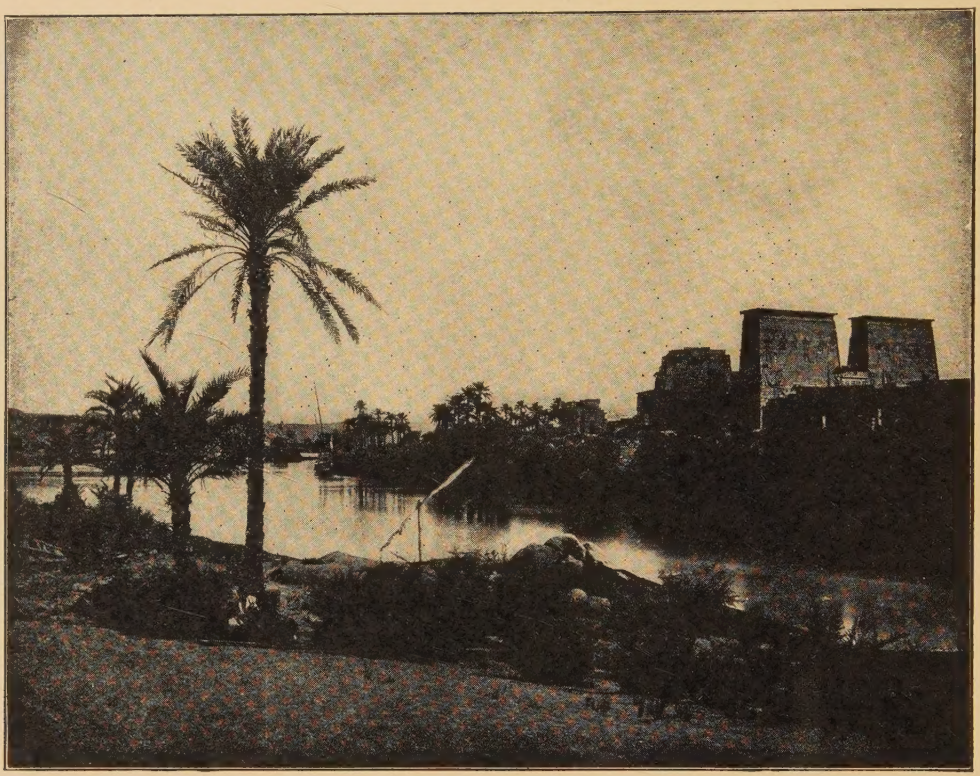
down behind the head, producing a much simpler and compact outline. The contrast of the young forms of the boys and the magnificent physique of the father makes a strong appeal even to the most careless observer. The conscience and knowledge of the sculptors on this work is simply overpowering. Who could equal it today?



THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES

THE DYING GAUL

Here is a more grateful and pleasing thing. It is a tribute of a brave people to a formidable foe. What a dance these Gauls ("future Frenchmen" they have been called) had led the Greeks for years. Primitive Rome had been sacked by them as far back as 390 B. C., and throughout distant Asia Minor they had spread like locusts. With their strange weapons and manner of fighting, their personal strength and stature, and their courage, they made themselves feared as no well-known enemy could have done. Attalus of Pergamum, in Asia Minor, celebrated his reign by a vigorous campaign against the Gauls, which crushed them almost, though not quite, into permanent submission. Among other records of this was a great group of sculpture erected in Pergamum by the conqueror. The work was done by a company of skillful men brought from Greece for that purpose. The descendants and pupils of these men formed the extraordinary school of Pergamum, whose works are the wonder of today. Among the products of the earlier period of this school was the noble "Dying Gaul," which used to be considered a "Dying Gladiator," "butchered to make a Roman holiday," and, as such, was immortalized by Byron in his well known poem. It is probable that this marble figure, which now rests in the Capitoline Museum in Rome, is a reproduction of one of the bronzes of the original triumphal group. It is a remarkable characterization—hair, features and even the skin are plainly different from the Greeks—while the moustache and the rope around the neck show his race. The great thing about this admirable statue—greater even than its fine modeling and accurate anatomy—is its pathetic dignity. The poet has caught it.



THE RIVER NILE AT TEMPLE OF PHILAE

"He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one."

OLD FATHER NILE

We do not know just when the Greeks began to personify rivers in sculpture, but the reclining figure was early recognized as a symbol of moving water. It is not strange, then, that in the larger world-power of Greece the mysterious and long nameless Nile should be honored with this sort of personification. The well-known figure of the Nile in the Vatican is a striking example of this. We do not know who made it, nor where it was made. Some are convinced that it was Egyptian in origin; others declare it has nothing in common with Egyptian work and that it was produced elsewhere, perhaps to adorn the garden or villa of

some rich Roman who had returned from travels in Egypt and wanted a fitting memorial.

The statue has always been a great favorite. The sixteen babies which climb over the recumbent giant are delightful in their various attitudes and expressions. The one in the cornucopia is the best liked of all. It is the most complete and self sufficient. The great river god heeds them not, but reclines in serene contemplation. His face is quite impassive, the body is languid grace itself.

The grouping of the little people is very happy. It seems accidental, yet it would be difficult to move one of them to the advantage of the whole composition.

Of course, this is not the highest art, but there is room in this world, and need, for the playful as well. In this work the artist has let his fancy play like the elfish little creatures that climb unnoticed over the sleeping giant.

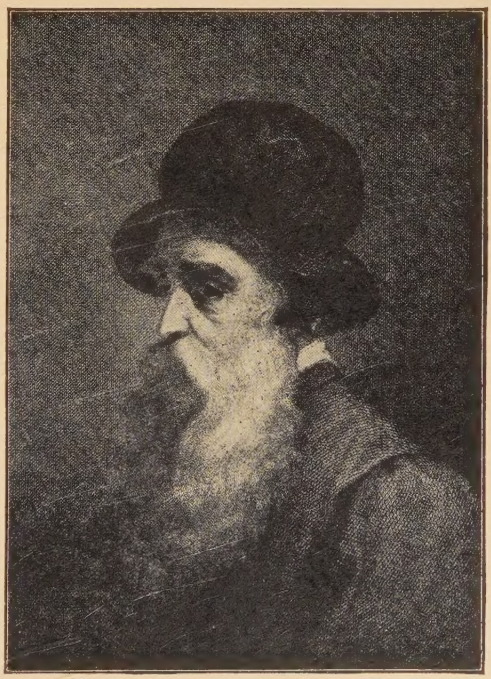
In this same mood one may be forgiven for recalling a complacent self-appointed young woman who acted as guide for an American party visiting the Museum of the Vatican. When one of her followers asked her what this statue was, she gave it one glance and replied: "Why, don't you know, 'Suffer little children to come unto me!'"

THE FARNESE BULL

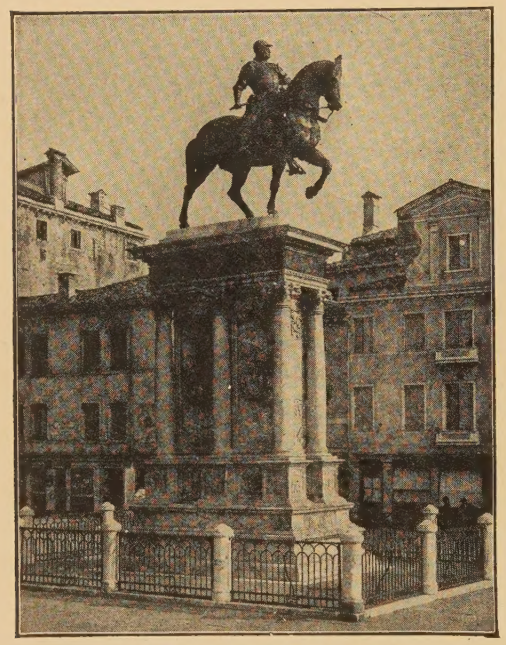
This is one of the curiosities of Rhodes. We know it as "The Farnese Bull" because it was long in possession of the Farnese (far-nay'-zay) family at Naples, in the museum of which city it still remains.

That the thing was created to "make a sensation" there can be no doubt. It has not a theme that needed to have been put in everlasting marble!

Some wealthy patron of the arts must have recognized its showy possibilities and have given the commission in order to call attention to himself. The work is not inspiring in any way, and must have put its



BENVENUTO CELLINI



COLLEONI STATUE—VENICE

author to a good deal of irksome labor. It simply could not be made interesting all around, so a number of stage properties have been stuck in. As it is, great spaces remain most meagrely filled, while no heed at all has been paid to the old principle that a true sculptural group should be so compact and interwoven that the downward cut of a sword anywhere would cleave through at least two figures. The figures stand about casually with no special relation to each other, though it is true from some points of view the group does pile up into a harmonious structure.

Some reserve must be used in criticism of this work, however, for a good deal of it is restoration. A certain learned professor used to say that the only thing left from the original group was the dog's hind legs. This is a grim, scholarly joke, but the fact remains that without the aid of certain Pompeian paintings it would have been impossible to put the few fragments together.

COLLEONI

A few years ago a sculptor who had an equestrian statue to make set out to obtain photographs of all the equestrian statues in the world. He announced that there were only about sixty of them in existence worthy of the name. Of these it is certain that the "Colleoni" (kol-lay-o'-nee) of Venice, made about 1490 by Andrea Verrochio (vay-rok'-key-o) and Alessandro Leopardi, (lay-o-par'-dee) leads the procession.

Partnerships in sculpture were rare. In this case the division of work was inevitable, for Verrochio died before its completion. Judging from his other sculptures, this was good fortune, but Leopardi brought something that Verrochio evidently lacked. John Addington Symonds tells us in his admirable work on the Renaissance (rén-nay-sanse) that, "The breath of life that animates both horse and rider, the richness of detail that enhances the massive grandeur of the group, and the fiery spirit of its style of execution, were due to the Venetian genius of Leopardi."

What an idea of relentless force this mighty bronze conveys! With what momentum it has been charged! Those of us who like to see a statue permanently planted on its pedestal will trouble a little over the disaster which must come with the next step. But we are carried away in the general enthusiasm, and we enjoy without reservation when we really have some right to criticise. Of course, if a horse must walk off his pedestal, then the pedestal should be low enough so that it would not hurt much. But we love the whole thing as it is; glorious charger, superbly threatening warrior, and admirable pedestal. It all constitutes one of Venice's chief jewels. Such things put eternal soul into a city.

PERSEUS

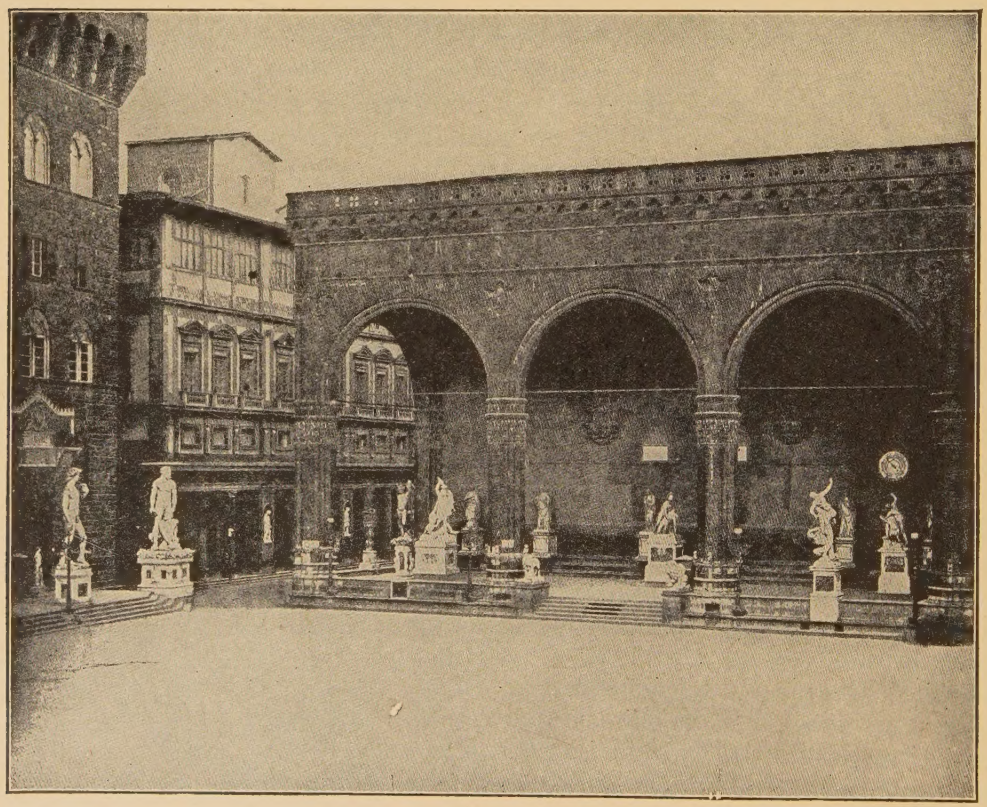
Benvenuto Cellini (ben'-ven-noo'-to chel-lee'-nee) born in 1500, was one of the most picturesque and vivid figures of the Renaissance. Few of his sculptured works remain, but his autobiography ranks among the most fascinating works of all the world's literature. Nothing more frank could be written. It opens a window for us into the very heart of that astonishing age. Benvenuto Cellini's life was a stormy one. He saw everything that was going on, and if we take his own word for it he did a large part of it himself. He was on intimate terms with the great, and he was either in great honor or in great trouble, according to his adventures. Cellini brags of his loves, his quarrels, his murders, and his sculptures with equal satisfaction. He tells us that some of the latter were the most beautiful ever made. He was recognized as the greatest goldsmith of his time, but the products of this exquisite art have always been exposed to dangers unknown to cheaper materials, and little remains of his skill in designing plate, armor, or jewelry.

VERROCHIO

His best known work, and the one he calls his greatest masterpiece, is his "Perseus" (pur'-seoos) which he made in 1554, and which was at once honored with a position in the Loggia dei Lanzi, (lowj'-ja day-ee lahnd'-zee) in Florence, where it has stood for three and a half centuries. In its day it was loaded with compliments. It was a true product of its age, and just what the people desired. The elaborate pedestal seems to us unsuited to its purpose, but the skill of the goldsmith is nowhere more

apparent than in its decorations and in the statues which fill its niches. There is no doubt of the man's sincerity of conviction that he was "doing the most perfect thing ever seen."

In one of the museums of Florence is Cellini's first study for the Perseus, a perfectly delightful little figure. If the complacent sculptor had succeeded in giving to the larger figure the charm and distinction of his first sketch, it would have merited all of his eulogies. In its develment the first inspiration was lost; Perseus grew heavy and "prosperous"—too faithful a copy mayhap of the model who posed for it. But it is still a notable work, and vastly interesting because of the story of its making and the scenes that it has looked down upon from its ornate pedestal in the Loggia, which contains the treasures of sculpture so prized by Florentines and admired by all visitors.



LOGGIA DEI LANZI—FLORENCE

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

BOOKS ON SCULPTURE

History of Sculpture	*Marquand and Frothingham*
History of Sculpture	*Lübke*
Schools and Masters of Sculpture	*Radcliffe*
The Renaissance in Italy	*Symonds*
Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini	

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Subscribers desiring further information concerning this subject can obtain it by writing to

The Mentor Association
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

THE GLADIATOR
National Museum, Naples

N THE VATICAN, ROME

THE LAOCOON GROUP

NO statue in the world has profoundly moved so many people as the "Laocoon." Millions gazed upon it during the centuries when the "Venus de Milo" was lying buried and unknown on the island whence the perfect marble woman takes her name. These sculptures, with the "Apollo Belvedere," are the most prized statues in the world. But the difficulties of reproduction make the "Laocoon" less familiar than the two single figures.

While the "Venus de Milo" and the Apollo are works of sheer beauty, the "Laocoon" has the majesty of terror.

No one knows who modeled the group; but, out of the mists that clouded human activity before history began has come the story it perpetuates. It belongs to the time when the Greek gods ruled the world in joyous nakedness, with occasional diversions in the form of bloody vengeance.

Laocoon played a part in about the best known incident in the Homeric epic, the drawing into Troy of the wooden horse. Laocoon was a priest of Apollo and an important man in Troy; but he didn't have influence enough to prevent his fellow citizens from bringing in that wooden horse, which was filled with soldiers, as you remember, and resulted in the downfall of Troy, after a siege of ten years.

The legends all seem to agree that Laocoon turned from Apollo to Neptune, even going so far as to offer a bullock in sacrifice to the sea god.

When he was preparing the sacrifice two fearful serpents were seen swimming toward the Trojan coast from Tenedos. The monstrous reptiles rushed straight toward Laocoon, and his two sons. The people took flight in terror; but the priest and the youths remained standing by the altar of their god.

The serpents first coiled round the two boys and then round their father. In the statue you will see the younger son, thinking only of himself, fighting for his life, while the head of the serpent is already fastened in his side. The older son shows in his face the emotions that rend his soul, the paralysis of fear and his awe at the awful fate of his father. The mighty old man is struggling with all his magnificent strength, splendidly, hopelessly

Most of us associate Apollo with an ideal of manly beauty, with art, with music. He is known as the patron of art, of healing. He was the father of Æsculapius, who was the father of medicine. Indeed, about seven different activities were attributed to this son of Jupiter; but first of all he was known as the god who punishes. That is what his name really means.

Laocoon was undoubtedly a priest of Apollo, and it was the act of a traitor for him to turn to Neptune. One tale declares that Laocoon had defied the expressed will of Apollo by marrying and begetting children.

Other delvers into mythology maintain that Laocoon and his two sons were not victims of Apollo but of Neptune. They hold that Neptune, being bitterly opposed to the Trojans, wanted to show them, in the persons of Laocoon and his sons, the fate that all of them deserved. The fact that the serpents were under the control of Neptune and not of Apollo is cited to support this version of the tale.

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BUTCHERED to make a Roman holiday," said the poet Byron of the statue of "The Dying Gaul." Everyone believed at that time that this statue was supposed to represent a gladiator dying from a wound received in a contest. But it does not.

About 240 B. C. the Gauls were overrunning all Asia Minor. King Attalus of Pergamon was a great fighter, however, and he conquered them. To commemorate this successful campaign, he brought over some sculptors from Greece, who set up statues representing his victory.

Among these were many single figures, of which "The Dying Gaul" is one. "This is undoubtedly a Gaul," says Lübke, "who, seeing the foe approach in overwhelming force, has fallen on his own sword to escape a shameful slavery. Overcome by the faintness of approaching death, he has fallen upon his shield; his right arm with difficulty prevents his sinking to the ground; his life ebbs rapidly away with the blood streaming from the deep wound beneath his breast; his broad head droops heavily forward; the mists of death already cloud his eyes; his brows are knit with pain; his lips parted in a last sigh. There is perhaps no other statue in which the bitter necessity of death is expressed with such terrible truth—all the more terrible because this hardy body is so full of strength—because the impression conveyed is so little softened by anything ideal, or by any harmonious beauty in the figure; for the character of the barbarian, as contrasted with the refined and cultured Greek, is worked out most carefully in the treatment of the body, in the rough and even callous texture of the skin, the rugged outlines of the frame, the bristling hair, and the distinct race-type indicated by the head."

The Gauls, or as they called themselves, Celts, were a fierce, fighting race. They lived in that part of Europe which is France now. They came from farther east, and were the earliest invaders of the country. They became very powerful, and spread out in various directions over Europe. In the third century B. C. a great host of Celts swarmed over most of Asia Minor until defeated by Attalus of Pergamon. "The Dying Gaul" was of this high-spirited and courageous race.

A huge army of Franks and Vandals burst over Gaul in 407 A. D. They captured the entire country, and settled down into the three kingdoms of the Visigoths the Franks, and the Burgundians.

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IF the art treasures in the Vatican, "Old Father Nile" is one of the most striking figures. Master paintings of inspired Christians and the triumphs in sculpture of the pagans are gathered there, worshiped for their unmatched beauty. And among these is the group that is a tribute to the mighty river that made possible the oldest civilization that history records. "Old Father Nile" was discovered about 1520 near the Church of Santa Maria when Pope Leo X ruled the Catholic world. It is believed to be a marvelous copy of a group described by the Roman historian Pliny.

The recumbent figure of Father Nile rests one arm on the Sphinx, the symbol of Egypt, and the sixteen little pygmies gracefully sporting about him and climbing over him are allegorical of the sixteen cubits' rise of the River Nile when it began to irrigate the land. The sixteenth pygmy seems to be coming to life out of a basket of fruit, showing perhaps that they are intended also to represent the fertility of the Nile.

The base represents the river, in which may be seen the Nile boats, the ibis, the stork, the hippopotamus, the ox, the lotus, the ichneumon, and the sacred crocodile.

"Egypt is the gift of the river," said Herodotus. The Nile is the vital artery of Egypt, fertilizing a region that it snatches from the desert, adorning it with plants and verdure, making it one of the most productive lands in the world.

In mythology, Father Nile was the son of Oceanus, the god of water, who was born of the union of Heaven and Earth. The early Greeks believed the earth to be a flat circle encompassed by a river perpetually flowing around it, and this river was Oceanus, the source of all rivers and waters in the world.

Through all the centuries, to the western world the Nile has been an absorbing problem: the Egyptians alone of all peoples, ancient or modern, have had no curiosity at all about the Nile. They considered it impious to try to fathom the deep mystery of their great river. They worshiped the Nile, not only as the providing father of their country, but also as the source of life. "The sacred liquid, the father of the gods," they called it.

The ancient Egyptians believed the Nile overflowed its banks as the result of the tears of the great goddess Isis weeping for her husband Osiris, who was murdered by his brother and his body thrown into the Nile.

While they built temples to all their other gods, the Egyptians never erected one to Father Nile. The Nile had, however, its college of priests. Herodotus says that when anyone was drowned in the river or killed by one of its crocodiles, the priests of the Nile took possession of the body and buried it with special rites, considering it something superhuman, sacred.

The mystery with which the Egyptians surrounded their river is shown by the fact that they never had a name for it. It was designated by a word probably pronounced "Hap," which meant concealed, mysterious. In Egypt the name of a person was the very quintessence of his being. Those skilled in magic were powerless to work their incantations unless they knew the name of the individual whom they wished to conjure. Hence the Nile alone had power over itself.

The intimacy with which the river entered into the familiar life of the people is shown by a very ancient saying discovered in one of the tombs, which reads like this:

"May the Nile pass into your dwelling. May it refresh you on your journey. May you sit beside the river in the land of rest and wash your face and hands in it."

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IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES

THE FARNESE BULL

IT does not seem too great, this sculptured punishment for a daughter's cruelty to her mother. The huge marble group known as the "Farnese Bull" has in it the majesty of the pagan gods, the terror and suffering of the human soul. It is one of the wondrous monuments of the Greek sculptors, whose unequaled art died with them. It is believed to have been modeled in the third century before the Christian era; but no one knows its history, nor even how long it slept in the baths of Caracalla, where it was discovered in 1546. It was taken to Rome and housed in the Farnese Palace, on which Michelangelo worked, and from which the group, like many other art works placed there, takes its name.

There is the usual tangle of relationships in the story of the statue, and, as is usual in mythology, the story has many different versions. Really these tales are nothing more than folklore, handed down from generation to generation, each teller embroidering or even changing it, to suit his own fancy.

One tale is that Lycus, the king of Thebes, married Antiope. Antiope was very beautiful. Apparently all the ladies in the pagan world retained their beauty and attractiveness as long as they lived, unless the gods changed them into another form. But the blithe way in which the element of time is ignored in these tales may have something to do with it. Antiope had a daughter, Dirce, and in spite of her beauty the affections of Lycus turned from mother to daughter. He put Antiope aside and married Dirce. The cruelty with which Lycus and especially Dirce treated Antiope is one of the great scandals of Greek mythology.

Antiope, who could not stand the humiliation, fled to the mountains. There she had two sons by Jupiter—Amphion and Zethus. Apollo, the God of the Sun, being attracted to Amphion, gave him a lyre, and he thenceforth practised song and music, while his brother spent his time in hunting and in tending flocks.

When they grew up the brothers learned of the wrong that Lycus and Dirce had done their mother Antiope, and they decided to punish the guilty pair. So "they marched against Thebes." It doesn't seem to be clear whether they had an army behind them or whether they took the city double-handed, so to speak. It must be remembered that they were the sons of Jupiter, and, if that all-powerful god was on their side, they were prepared to overcome any difficulty.

At any rate, all the authorities agree that Amphion and Zethus did capture Thebes. They put Lycus to death promptly; but Amphion thought that Dirce did not deserve a sudden, painless death. He tied her to a bull, who dragged her about until she perished. This terrible punishment for a daughter's ingratitude made a powerful appeal to the ancient artists and writers. The "Farnese Bull" shows the moment of the death of Dirce. It is an epic in marble on the punishment deserved by an ungrateful child.

After the death of Dirce, Amphion is credited with the most remarkable feat of music and engineering ever recorded. He and his brother decided to fortify Thebes, inasmuch as they concluded to rule it themselves. The narratives seem to agree that all he had to do was to walk around the city, play his lyre, and the stones moved of their own accord and formed a wall.

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THE erection of monuments to her great men was forbidden by the Venetian republic. To such a length did the feeling of jealousy toward the great dead by the living go. The single exception was the statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, by Andrea del Verocchio and Alessandro Leopardi. And this was not because Colleoni was exceptionally great, but because he left his large fortune to Venice, on condition that a monument be erected to him in St. Mark's.

By this he meant, of course, in front of the great cathedral; but the republic got out of putting it in such a famous place by raising it opposite the hospital of St. Mark, a much less conspicuous position.

Bartolommeo Colleoni was an Italian soldier of fortune, who lived in the fifteenth century. He sold his services to the highest bidder. For a long time he was in the pay of the Venetian republic. But Milan offered him a better place, and he went over to that city. Venice found out, however, that it could not do without him, and in 1454 gave him the captain-generalship of the republic for life. Colleoni was one of the best of these Italian soldiers of fortune. Although he changed sides whenever he thought he could better his fortunes, he committed no acts of treachery. He died in 1475.

Andrea del Verocchio, who modeled the statue of Colleoni, was a famous goldsmith, painter and sculptor. Leonardo da Vinci, who painted the "Last Supper" and "Mona Lisa," was one of his pupils. Verocchio had only completed the model of the "Colleoni" when he died in 1488.

He requested that the casting of the monument in bronze should be intrusted to his pupil Lorenzo di Credi; but the senate of Venice gave the work to Alessandro Leopardi. Leopardi had been exiled; but he was recalled to finish the statue. He also designed the tall pedestal on which the statue is mounted.

This monument, which was unveiled on March 21, 1496, is generally conceded to be the greatest equestrian statue in the world. One critic has said of it: "The Colleoni stands today for the most magnificent equestrian statue of all time. It fully deserves this reputation, since in no other monument are both horse and rider conceived and composed with such unity."

Both figures express nobility and dignity. The arched neck, the raised hoof, the champing mouth, of the charger are perfection. The poise of Colleoni himself, the pose of his head, the stern expression of his face, show courage and ability.

What is the one thing about this statue, however, that makes it seem so much alive? It is just this: When we look at the horse and rider, we feel that the very next moment, with the very next step, they are going to walk off their high pedestal into space.

The whole statue is full of energetic character and bold life, and powerful in its effect.

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N THE LOGGIA DEI LANZI FLORENCE

PERSEUS

DOMINATING the Loggia dei Lanzi in Florence is the splendid bronze of Perseus holding aloft the head of Medusa, with coiling serpents for hair. Even her blood, as she lies dead at the feet of Perseus, streams forth like serpents. Benvenuto Cellini, who modeled this monument, had a passion for art and homicide, and was one of the vainest and most gifted of men. His life was one long adventure. Born in Florence in 1500, Cellini was expected to follow his father's profession of musician, and indeed he became an excellent flute-player; but at fifteen he turned to designing and metal work. He was one of the best goldsmiths of his time.

He began his fighting career as a youth, killed the Constable de Bourbon in the attack on Rome in 1527, and within two years he had slain Philibert, Prince of Orange, a man who had killed his brother, and also a certain goldsmith in Naples. There were several others he nearly killed. He lived to be seventy-one years old.

Cellini asked an enormous price for his "Perseus," on which he worked for years. When the Duke de' Medici, at whose suggestion it was modeled, complained that the price demanded would build churches and palaces, the sculptor replied that this was true; but any number of architects could do that, but nobody else could make such a statue.

Of all the wonderful folk in Greek mythology, Perseus was about the busiest. He was the son of Jupiter and Danaë. When Perseus was born, Danaë's father, Acrisius, placed both in a chest and threw them into the sea. Jupiter came to the rescue, of course, and brought them to a friendly kingdom, whose ruler sent Perseus, grown to a man's estate, to fetch the head of Medusa, a feat that no mere human could hope to accomplish.

Medusa was one of the monsters in human form called Gorgons. Instead of hair, her head was covered with hissing serpents. She had golden wings, brazen claws, and enormous tusks for teeth. Her body was covered with scales. Her head was so fearful that anyone who looked at it immediately changed to stone. Indeed, to slay so terrible a creature seemed impossible.

Possessing himself of winged sandals, a magic wallet, and the helmet of Pluto, which made the wearer invisible, as well as a sickle from Mercury and a mirror from Minerva, Perseus was ready to meet the horrible Medusa with reasonable confidence in his victory. Using his winged sandals, he mounted into the air, and swiftly arrived at Medusa's dwelling place.

Now, if Perseus had looked directly at Medusa, he straightway would have been turned to stone. But looking at her through the mirror he was perfectly safe, and quickly cut off her head with the sickle. He placed it in the wallet, put on his Plutonic helmet, thus becoming invisible, and had no difficulty at all in escaping. The statue shows him at the triumphant moment of the tragedy.

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